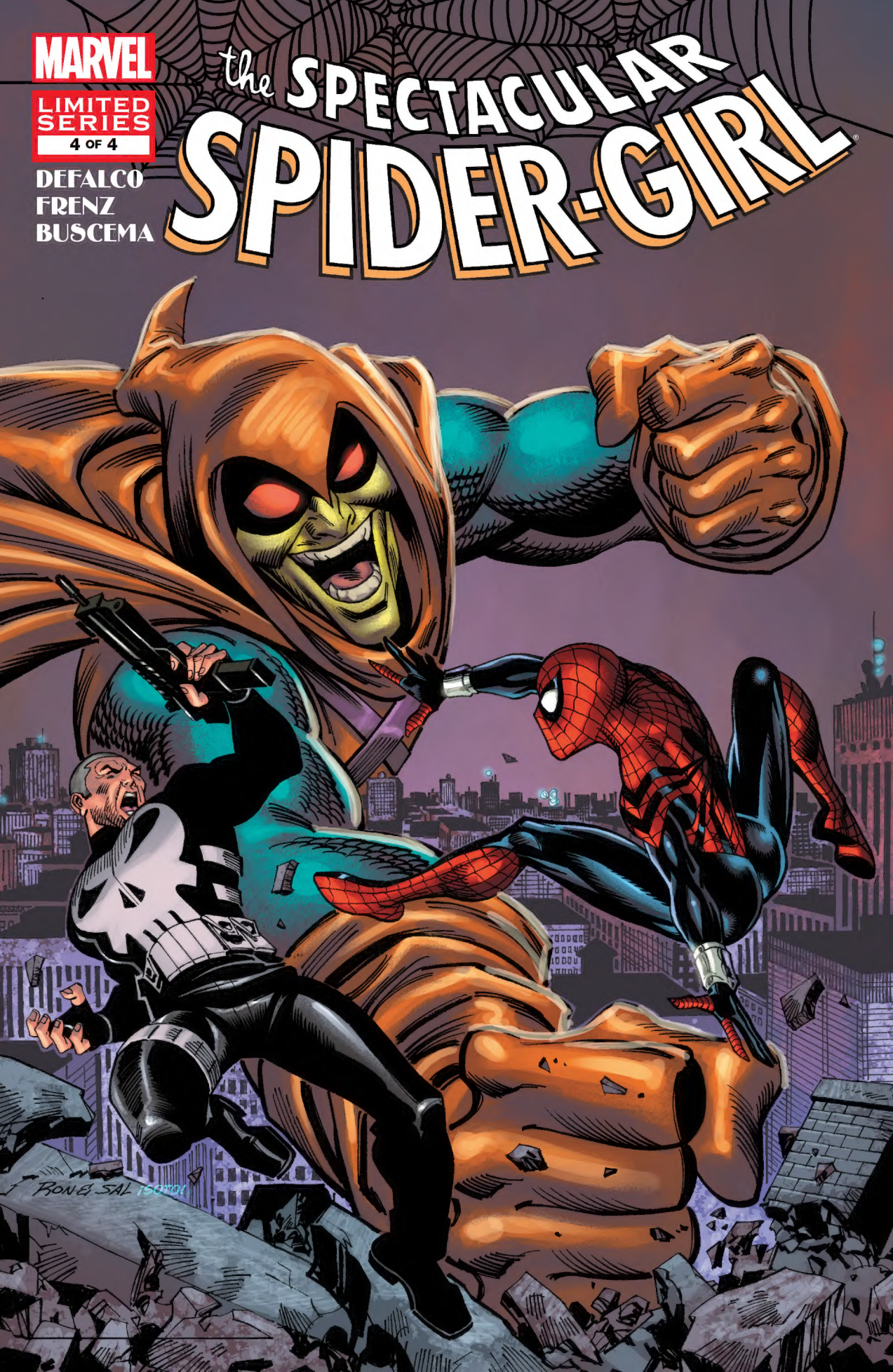
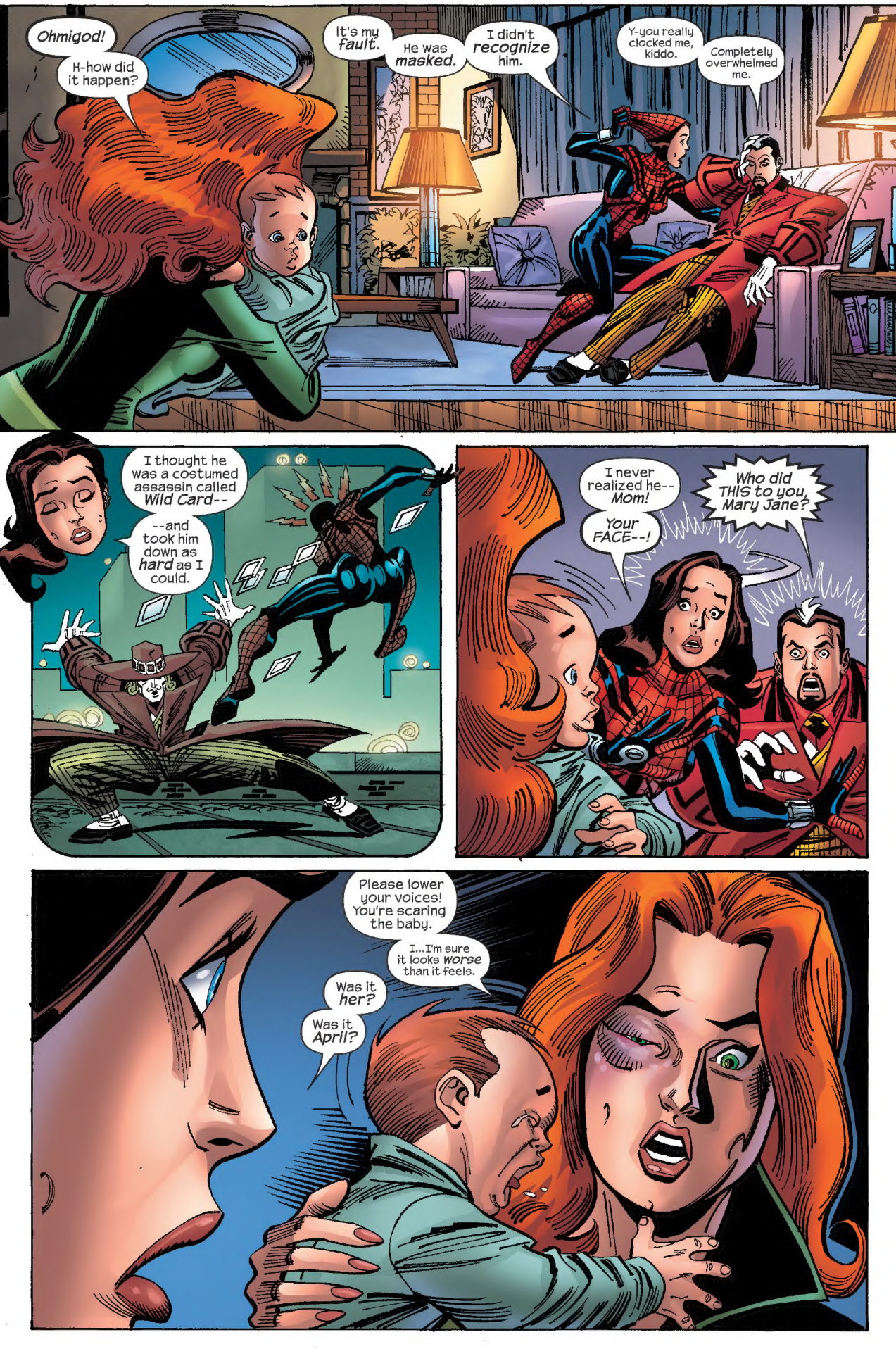

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
4 OF 4
DEFALCO
FRENZ
BUSCEMA
the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL

the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
THE INVISIBLE HAND!
There are casualties in every war--innocent lives shattered forever!
That includes the gang war currently raging between the Black Tarantula and Don Silvio Baracca.
My name is May "Mayday" Parker.
I am the daughter of Spider-Man--
--and I'm the one who flattened dad!
MOM!
MOM!
Dad's been hurt!


Ohmigod!
H-how did it happen?
It's my *fault*.
He was *masked*.
I didn't *recognize* him.
Y-you really clocked me, kiddo.
Completely overwhelmed me.
I thought he was a costumed assassin called *Wild Card*--
--and took him down as *hard* as I could.
I never realized he-- *Mom!*
Your FACE--!
Who did THIS to you, Mary Jane?
Please lower your voices! You're scaring the baby.
I...I'm sure it looks *worse* than it feels.
Was it *her*?
Was it *April*?

facegroup

SEARCH

SCRIPT, PLOT & PENCILS
Tom DeFalco & Ron Frenz

FINISHED ART
Sal Buscema

COLORS
Bruno Hang of Impacto Studios w/Sotocolor

LETTERER
Dave Sharpe

EDITOR
Tom Brennan

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Tom Brevoort

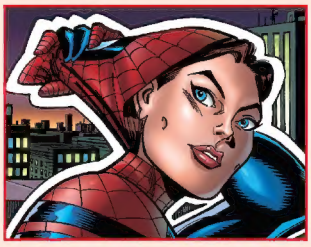
EDITOR IN CHIEF
Joe Quesada

PUBLISHER
Dan Buckley

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Alan Fine

May "Mayday" Parker

HOME SEARCH INVITE HELP LOGOUT



INFO

NAME:	Mayday Parker
LOCATION:	Forest Hills, Queens
SCHOOL:	Midtown High
RELATIONSHIP:	Proudly Single
MOOD:	Determined

STATUS

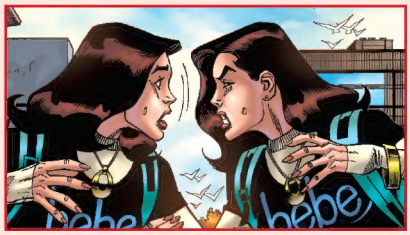
The name's May "MayDay" Parker, and I'm the webbed wonder known as THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL! I discovered I have a clone – the family took her in and she's taken on the guise of April Reilly, our cousin. April's got powers of her own thanks to symbiote blood – and a mean streak to match as Mayhem!

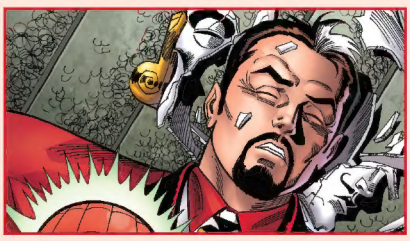
The city's been locked in a vicious gang war. I promised Mom and Dad I'd stay out of it, but not as long as April keeps getting involved – though she took me in a head-to-head fight.

After fighting my Symbiote-Sucking "Sibling," I found myself face to barrel with the Punisher, who's come out of retirement to fight his age-old war against crime. He's after the gang war participants, particularly Silverback. And he's ready to blast anyone who gets in his way.

Bad news for him, then, that Silverback's just a pawn – a pawn in a much larger game played by my old sparring partner, THE HOBGOBLIN!

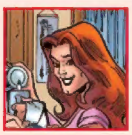
PHOTOS





FRIENDS & FREAKS

DAD


MOM

NORMIE

B. TARANTULA

A. DREAM

SILVERBACK

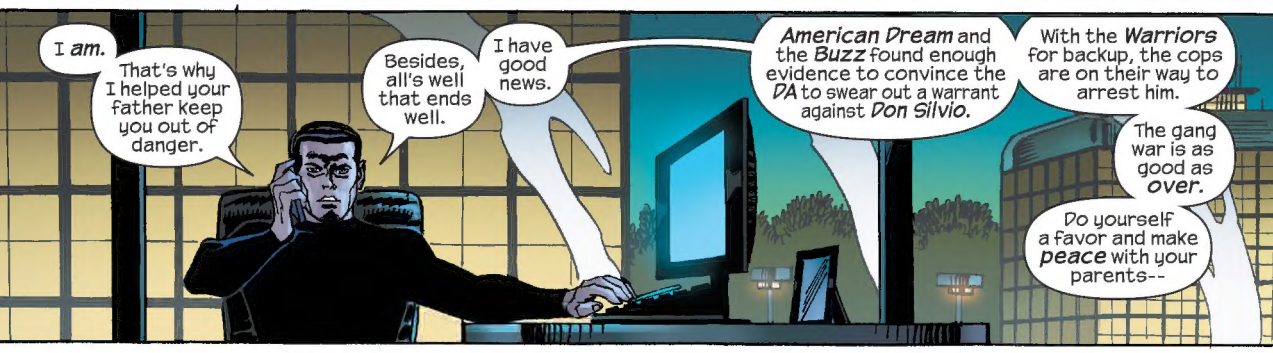
© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

Everyone calls me April--
--but I'm the real May Parker.
Mayday is actually my clone.
She's the fake.
The imposter who lives the life that should have been mine.
I'm tired of following her lead.
Of doing things her way--
--with that hopelessly outdated "no one dies" bushwah.
I can prove I'm the real daughter of Spider-Man by ending the gang war!
All I have to do is KILL everyone who gets in my way--
--and that includes SPIDER-GIRL!

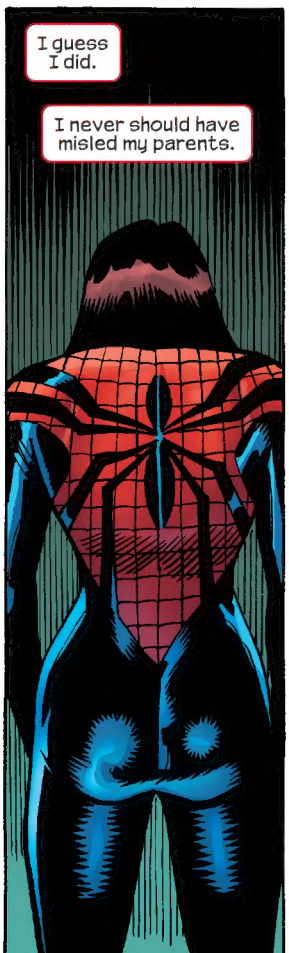
Let's not overreact.
April is suffering some kind of breakdown.
She's in a highly vulnerable emotional state and very confused.
Hold still and stop making excuses for her.
Dad's right! She could have killed you.
That's my point. She could have--very easily, in fact--but she didn't.
Don't you see, Pete? She's still a Parker.
She just didn't have the benefit of our love and nurturing.
All I see is a dangerous sociopath who is completely out of control--
--and has betrayed our family.
Speaking of betrayal, why the Wild Card masquerade?
Was it a sick way to teach me a lesson?
Not at first.
Things got a little out of hand.
A LITTLE?!?
We could have killed each other.
Enough, May!
You're not entirely blameless.
You promised to stay out of the gang war--
--and repeatedly lied to our faces.
All I wanted to do was stop the war before anyone got hurt. I knew I couldn't keep you at bay if I went out as Spider-Man--
--so I created Wild Card with a little help from Normie Osborn.
Normie--?!?
Yeah, he supplied the flash cards and all the other gimmicks.
I was surprised when Man Mountain Marko, Silvio's chief lieutenant, informed me you were already involved--
--and I realized that I could guarantee your safety if I discouraged you.
RRRRING!

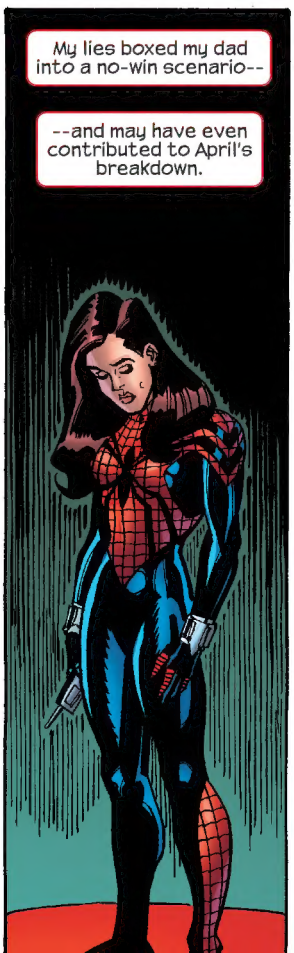
Hello--?
Yeah, I can talk.
She's standing right here and already knows everything.
No, not at all happy.
Is that Normie?
Give me the phone!

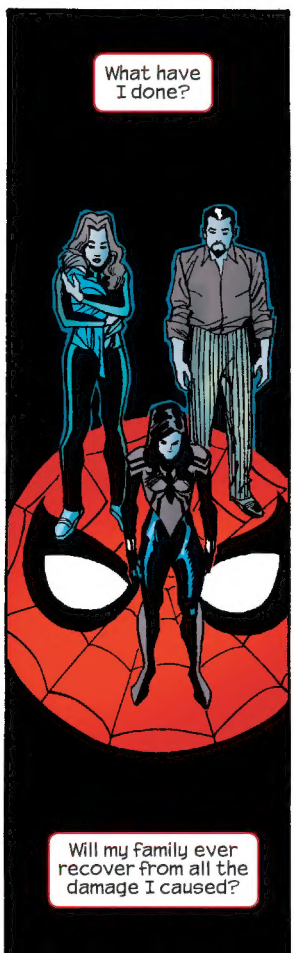
I can't believe you were in on this.
You're supposed to be on my side.


I am.
That's why I helped your father keep you out of danger.
Besides, all's well that ends well.
I have good news.
American Dream and the Buzz found enough evidence to convince the DA to swear out a warrant against Don Silvio.
With the Warriors for backup, the cops are on their way to arrest him.
The gang war is as good as over.
Do yourself a favor and make peace with your parents--

--they only have your best interests at heart.
Yeah.
I hear you.
Even Normie thinks I screwed up.


I guess I did.
I never should have misled my parents.


My lies boxed my dad into a no-win scenario--
--and may have even contributed to April's breakdown.


What have I done?
Will my family ever recover from all the damage I caused?

Stop FROWNING!
We're supposed to be one big happy family.
What's the Hobgoblin doing here, Don Silvio?
You want for Guido and me to whack him?
Do me a favor, Baracca, and explain the facts of life to the moron.
The Hobgoblin is my master and must be obeyed.
You got that, moron? Your boss has been secretly working for me--
"--ever since I gave him his exoskeleton and exposed him to a brainwashing machine called the Winkler device.
"I even gave your buddy Guido a taste when he stumbled upon me in the basement a few days ago."
WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
I've been the real mastermind behind the war against the Black Tarantula and--
Well, well...

It appears we have company--
--although I'm frankly surprised they didn't arrive sooner.
Don Silvio, I suggest you greet our guests while I retrieve some equipment from the basement.
You people are guilty of trespassing.
You have no business on my property.
Silvio Baracca? I have a warrant for your arrest.
Y-you can't be serious.
Is such a show of force really necessary against an old man?
We honestly didn't know what to expect, sir.
KWAKKK
You still don't!
FREEZE!
Anyone moves and I snap the Bug's neck.
That's Buzz... not bug.
You may have suckered Darkdevil--
--but you're no match for my armored Armani.
You're boring me, kid.

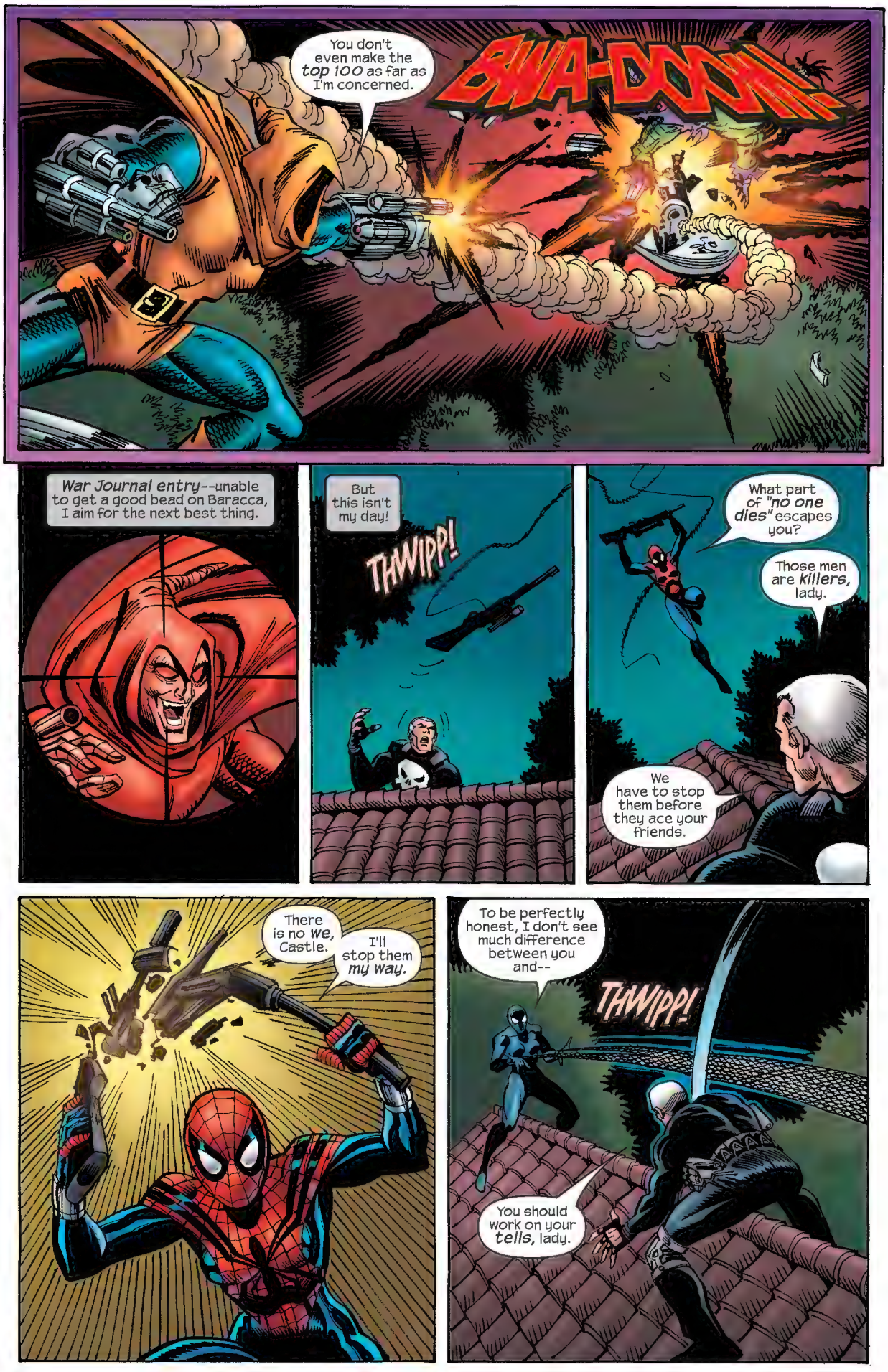
WHOOOOOM!
Fall back!
Fall back!
The grounds may be mined.
Not even close, American Dream.
Although I may use that suggestion for my next hideout.
I just wanted to show off my new weaponry.
So many heroes.
So many choices.
Who will be first to DIE?

War Journal entry--I've tracked down Man Mountain Marko and am about to convince him to reveal his boss's location.
Where's Baracca?
F-forget it, Punisher!
I ain't no rat.
You heard the man, Mr. Castle.
I suggest you release him.
TWAM!
Don't know how you managed to sneak up on me mister, but-- WHOA!
You're the last person I expected to come to Marko's rescue.
The Black Tarantula may have many faults, but predictability isn't one of them.
I don't get it. He works for the guy who's trying to cap you.
Why risk your neck for the opposition?
That isn't your concern. All you need to know is that I will exchange Baracca's address for Marko's life.
Do I have to remind you that you're a criminal, too?
I could take you both down and still go after Baracca.
You could try.
It all depends on what's more important to you, Frank.
Do you want to settle for me and Marko--
--or the mobster who drew you out of retirement?

Decisions! Decisions!
We keep arguing the same points and still haven't figured out what to do about April.
I say we treat her like any other costumed psycho.
Seriously, Peter?
I expect you to set a better example.
Like it or not, April's family.
Yes, she has problems and made mistakes.
Like the rest of us.
But families have an unconditional responsibility to forgive and support each other.
ZZZZZZZZZ
Hel-- WHOA!
Slow down!
What's wrong?
Everything!
Just got an emergency call from Phil Urich.
The Hobgoblin is with Silvio and everything's gone sour.
The Warriors need you, May.

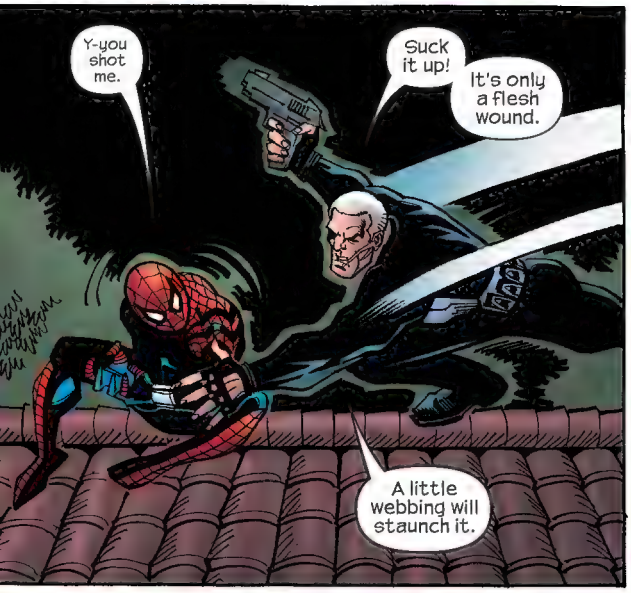
I...
I have to go.
May, I...
Dad, please! I really need you and Mom to trust me right now.
I know what I'm doing.

THWOMP!
THWOMP!
THWOMP!
FOOM!
BRAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!
I love the smell of dead hero in the evening.
FOOM!
KWOOM!
Get back, Officer!
Code Blue!
We need CODE BLUE!
Yeah, like more cops will really make a--
WHA?!?
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
An attack from above?
Remember me, Kingsley?
You were always the least impressive Goblin in my eyes.
Like your opinion really matters, Urich.


You don't even make the top 100 as far as I'm concerned.
BWA-DOOM
War Journal entry--unable to get a good bead on Baracca, I aim for the next best thing.
But this isn't my day!
THWIPP!
What part of "no one dies" escapes you?
Those men are killers, lady.
We have to stop them before they ace your friends.
There is no we, Castle.
I'll stop them my way.
To be perfectly honest, I don't see much difference between you and--
THWIPP!
You should work on your tells, lady.

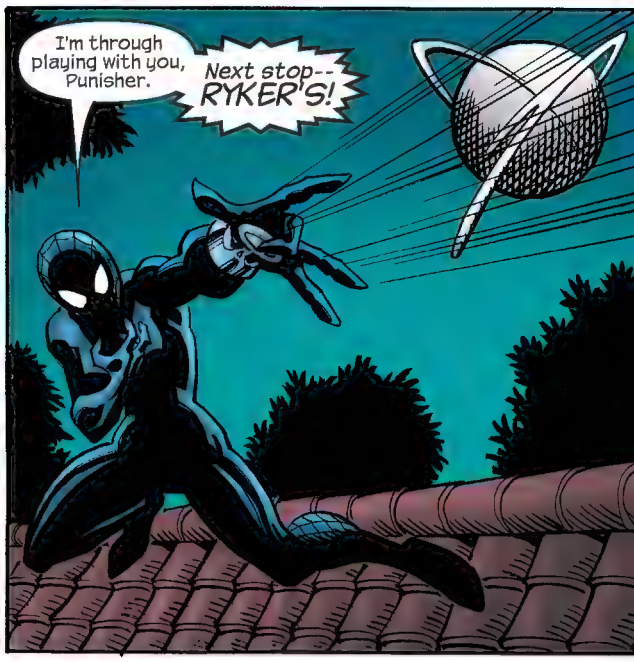
BDAM!
BDAM!
And you're lucky there's a *big* difference.

YEOW!


Y-you shot me.
Suck it up!
It's only a flesh wound.
A little webbing will staunch it.

You stupid JERK!
BLAM!
You SHOT me!

THWOMP!


I'm through playing with you, Punisher.
Next stop-- RYKER'S!

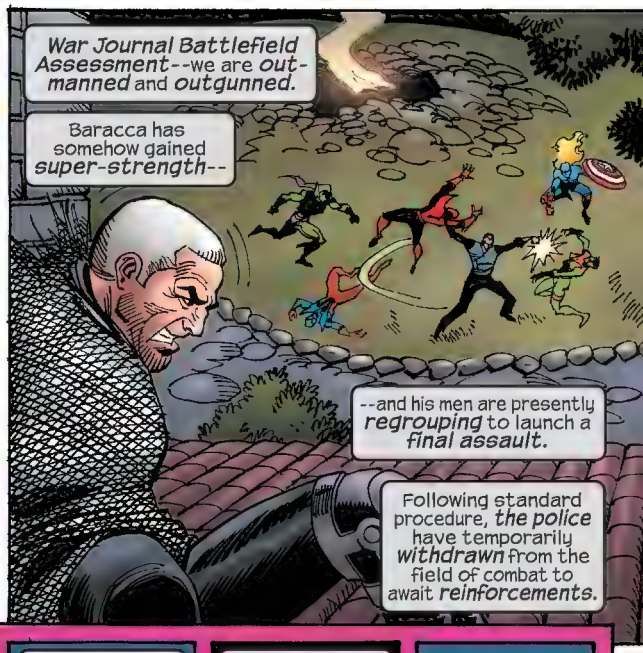
PWOOOF!
This is my own fault.
I should have aimed for your head.
Yeah, I should have kicked your butt from one end of Queens to the far end of the Br--
Uh-oh!
KWA-PWOOM!
Look out, kid!
INCOMING--!
:Gaaak:

I believe this CONCLUDES the evening's festivities--
--AND THE BAD GUYS WIN!
TO BE CONCLUDED!

the SPECTACULAR
SPIDER-GIRL
Hate to ruin your victory lap, Hobgoblin.
The battle ain't over until the webbed lady swings.
In case you've forgotten, my friends and I never give up.
We NEVER surrender!
The gang war between the Black Tarantula and Silvio Baracca has taken another twist.
Aside from the distractions caused by the Punisher and my clone April--
KWA-TWAM!
--the Hobgoblin suddenly appeared out of nowhere--
--and he's already laid a major bruising on American Dream and the Warriors.
Times like these can really try a web-slinger's soul.
IN FINAL BATTLE!

FOOM! FOOM! FOOM!
Stop wasting everyone's time, Spider-Girl!
You've been doomed from the start.
So I've heard--
--from almost every loudmouth I've ever fought.
I get a real kick out of defying expectations--
--and proving the naysayers wrong.
Need to focus!
Must angle my descent!
Use my momentum--
--to take out Baracca!
SPLAANNG
Nice try, lady.
SWAKK!
Too bad my exoskeleton's a lot tougher than you and that stupid shield.
Richie, the suit's dead...
I...I'm helpless!
Really, JJ?
Maybe next time you won't let the psycho-baddie get close enough to tear OFF your wings.
Not the time for criticism.
Okay, I'm rerouting all power now--

"--in an attempt to restore partial *mobility.*"
Are you *insane,* Ladyhawk? How long do you think you can stand against my super-*UFFFT*-
Everyone has a *weakness,* Don Silvio.
Yours is a rampant *ego.*


War Journal Battlefield Assessment--we are *outmanned* and *outgunned.*
Baracca has somehow gained *super-strength*--
--and his men are presently *regrouping* to launch a *final assault.*
Following standard procedure, *the police* have temporarily *withdrawn* from the field of combat to await *reinforcements.*

Both *Darkdevil* and *American Dream* have suffered significant injuries and aren't operating at full efficiency.
Ladyhawk is only a trained athlete and already showing signs of fatigue.
The *Buzz* has been effectively neutralized--
--and the combat value of the new *Green Goblin* is questionable at best.
Bottom line--I am the only one with the *will* and *means* to stop *Baracca.*

Spider-Girl unwittingly gave aid and comfort to the enemy when she prevented me from killing the *Hobgoblin* earlier.
I know the kid means well.

She's just *naïve,* completely out of her *depth*--
--and lacks the necessary *killer instinct.*

You don't get it, May.
You're no match for these cold-blooded monsters.
They require someone of equal brutality and ruthlessness.
Someone like ME!
What's the deal, Tarantula?
Why did you save me from the Punisher?
First, tell me why you sided with Baracca against me.
I believe in loyalty and I owe the man.
He made me back in the day.
Look, I'm not gonna apologize for the choices I made or beg for my life.
You wanna kill me--go for it!
Would it surprise you to know that Baracca is a pawn in a much larger game?
Nah, not really.
I've wondered where he got that exoskeleton.
I recognized the technology and its author.
He's not someone you respect.
Man Mountain Marko, I have grown tired of this gang war and the bland cuisine you Americans seem to favor.
I long to return to my home in South America--
--where I can settle down and raise a family.
Thus, I wish to make you an offer...

ZZZZZZZZZZ
Terrific!
My cell is ringing and I can't reach it.
BRAKAKAKAK!
With my luck, it's probably the Avengers calling to invite me on their group medical plan--
--or someone else who could help me!
I wish May would answer...
She's probably in the middle of something, Peter.
Exactly what's worrying me, Mary Jane.
I never should have let her go off by herself.
ESU
Especially with the gang war still raging.
It's not like you had a lot of choice.
You were still recovering from that disastrous outing as Wild Card.
Do I have to remind you that you hung up your costume years ago--
"--and turned your web-shooters over to our daughter?
"She is the costumed hero in this family now.
"The one who has to face each new psychotic menace--
"--and, somehow, find a way to survive!"

I know what it's like to sit and wait.
It's kind of like being related to a cop or a fireman or a soldier.
"You never know if your loved one is safe--
"--or will ever return."
But she's so young.
I know--
--and always will be in our eyes.
We need to keep the faith, Peter--
"--and believe in our girl!"
I never realized how hard my web-swinging must have been on you.
I knew who I was marrying--
--and wouldn't change a thing.

Oh, man!
OH, MAN!
The Don's become a mask-busting dynamo!
I still can't believe that he--that all of us--was really working for the Hobgoblin.
Fuhgetaboutit, Guido! What are we supposed to do with Detective Drasco, here?
=erm=
Keep a eye on him, Nunzio--
"--A hostage may come in very handy!"
KWAHH!
War Journal--the situation keeps deteriorating.
Although they would never admit it, the costumes need me.
Finally managed to free up a flash-bang.
This is gonna hurt--
--but I've suffered worse.
I first declared war against the mob after they murdered my family.
Took out the bosses one by one.

KWOOOM!
=ARRGH!=
Don Silvio's the last of the old mob.
Seems like an eternity since I crippled him and left him alive as a warning to others.
Should have just planted a bullet in his brain.
Won't make the same mistake this time.
My war against the mob ends here!
Ends NOW!
Baracca!
Time to die!
Hello, Frankie boy.
=GGAKK!=
So nice to see you, again.
I was hoping we'd get a chance to renew our acquaintance.
I used to dream about you while I rotted in my old wheelchair.
Believe it or not, you were the deciding factor when the Hobgoblin first approached me.
I am so pleased with the way everything has worked out.
Such a pity that you brought a knife to a fight that requires super-weapons.

Speak up, Frank! I can't quite hear you.
I'd hate for the Punisher's last words to be lost to posterity.
Why you scheming, son of a--
BDAM! BDAM!
:ARRRK:
SNAP!
Holy--!
Are they--?!
Yeah.
At least one war is finally over.

What a waste!
I wanted the fun of killing Baracca.
SSSSSHHOOM!
Look sharp, guys!
Hobgoblin on the horizon!
I never should have aligned myself with an old fart like Silvio in the first place.
The man carried too much excess baggage.
Oh, well! I guess I'm just going to have to dispose of you all on my own--
--and then settle up with the Black Tarantula.
Hobgoblin, NO! NO!
You needn't be concerned, Spider-Girl.
I'm more than equal to the task.
Baracca's days as my puppet were numbered anyway.
What fun is it to be kingpin of crime if you can't flaunt it?

And in deference to your mantra about people *dying* on your watch--
--BOMBS AWAY!
Uhhh, Richie?
Flying would be helpful now.
Without WINGS?!
I...I am so sorry, JJ!
There's *nothing* I can do.

I became *Spider-Girl* to save lives.
To protect the *innocent.*
To defend the *helpless.*

These people are my *friends!*

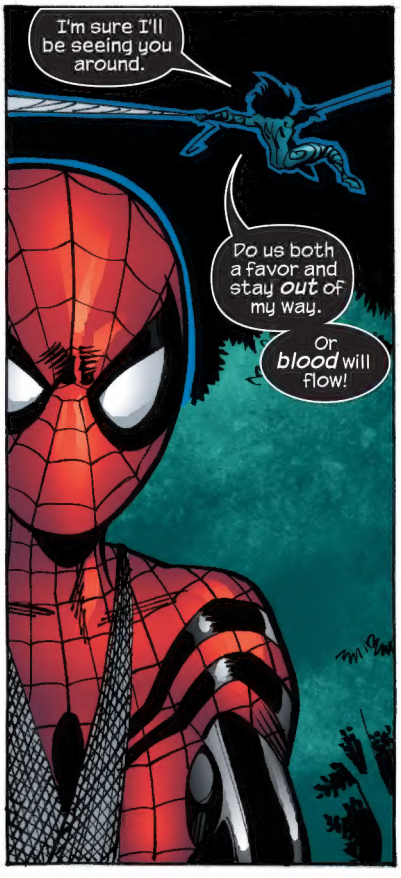
My RESPONSIBILITY!
THWIPP!

No time to weave anything fancy or stronger.
Just hope it's anchored to the tree trunk and--
BWANGGG!
=ARRRGH!=
Lookee here, boys!
The little lady couldn't have made it any easier for us.
It'll be like shooting spiders in a barrel.
Wait for my signal--!
Spider-sense tingling--
--warning me to cut and run!
But I can't desert my friends.
Can't leave them to die!
If only your father could see you now.
I'm sure he'd be very proud.
Heartbroken, but proud.

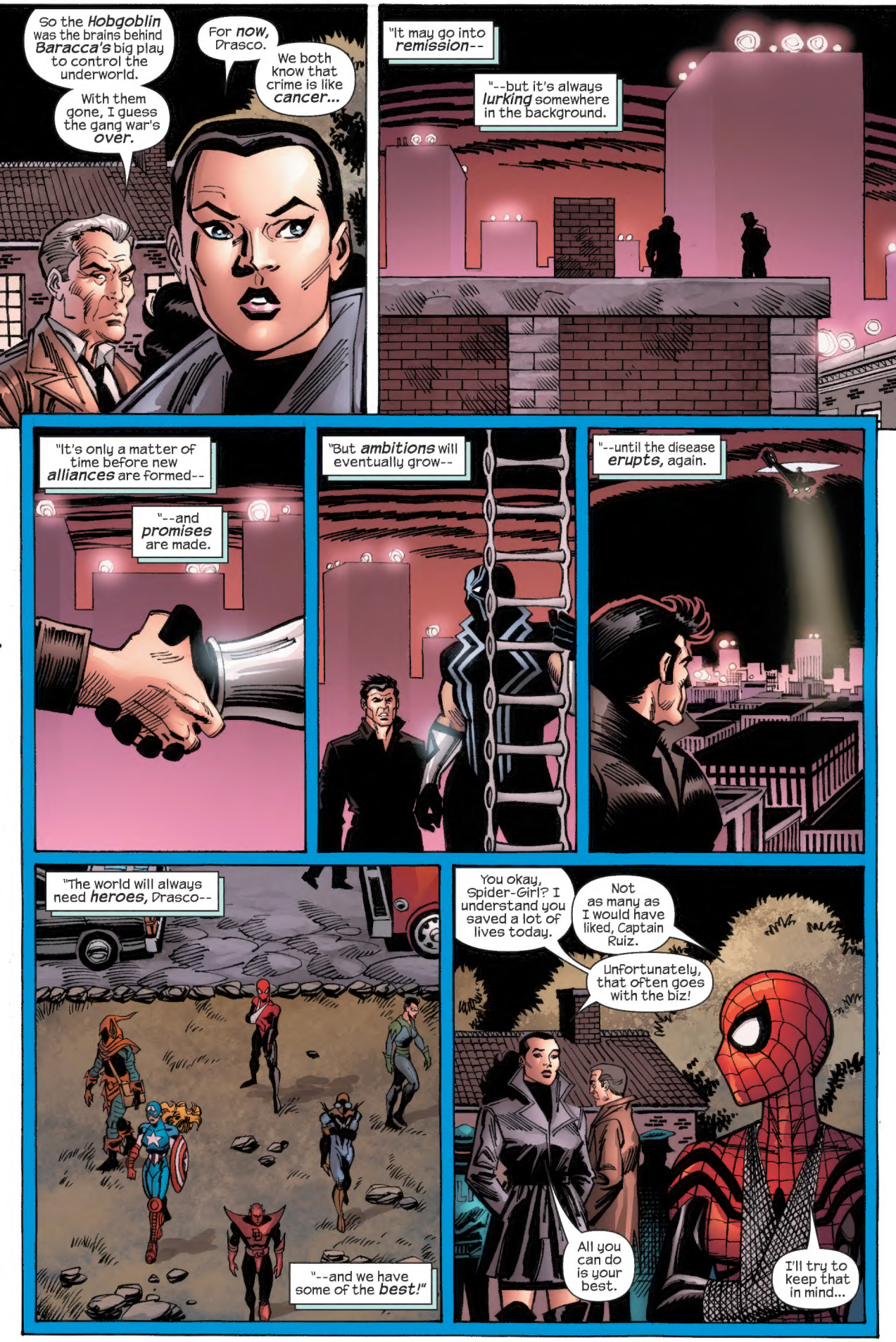
I promise to describe your death in great *detail* the next time he dares to cross my--
=ggkkhh=
Too much *pontificating*--
--when the situation demanded *killing*.

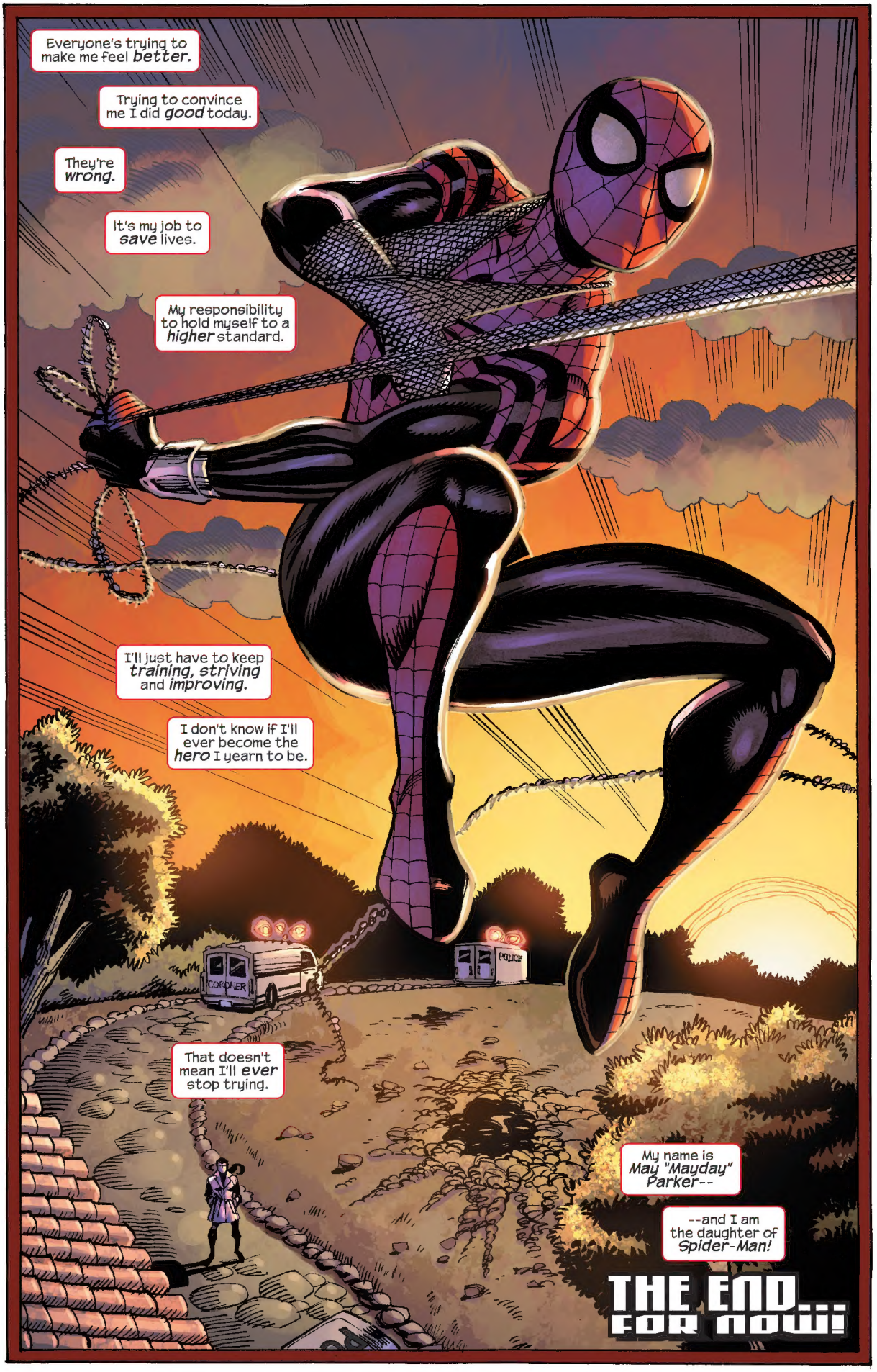
Ap-- *Mayhem!*
What have you *done*?
Exactly what I *promised*.
Ended the gang war!
Saved *you* and your *friends* in the process.

But there *must* have been another way--!
For *you*, maybe.
Me, I've got my own style--
--and my own life to live.
Mayhem, I...
Don't even *think* about trying to stop me!
You and your buddies can barely *stand*.


I'm sure I'll be seeing you around.
Do us both a favor and stay *out* of my way.
Or *blood* will flow!

W-what are we going to do, Guido?
The Don and the rest of the guys--they're all DEAD!
Quit yer whining, bonehead! I can't think with you yapping in my ear.
Why ya gotta be so mean all the time?
Shut up! I got me an idea. Listen up...
Oohhhh!
How ya feeling, Detective Drasco?
We didn't know the Hobgoblin was gonna clobber you. He done it all on his own.
W-where is he now?
Dead, sir--him and Don Silvio both!
Guido and me seen the light. We want to turn state's evidence and sing like a church choir.
We'll tell everything you wanna know, but we want the whole package--protection, new identities and relocation.
I always dreamed'a being a writer like that James Patterson guy.
What'd I miss while I was reading those two idiots their rights, Captain?
Seems Castle and Baracca killed each other--
--and an unidentified female mask took out the Hobgoblin and the gunmen...
Witnesses say the homicides were justified. Police observers stationed around the perimeter agree.
But I still want to question her and get the real story.
You aren't responsible for Mayhem's actions.
Yeah, I know...
CORONER
POLICE


So the Hobgoblin was the brains behind Baracca's big play to control the underworld.
With them gone, I guess the gang war's over.
For now, Drasco.
We both know that crime is like cancer...
"It may go into remission--
"--but it's always lurking somewhere in the background.
"It's only a matter of time before new alliances are formed--
"--and promises are made.
"But ambitions will eventually grow--
"--until the disease erupts, again.
"The world will always need heroes, Drasco--
"--and we have some of the best!"
You okay, Spider-Girl? I understand you saved a lot of lives today.
Not as many as I would have liked, Captain Ruiz.
Unfortunately, that often goes with the biz!
All you can do is your best.
I'll try to keep that in mind...


Everyone's trying to make me feel *better.*
Trying to convince me I did *good* today.
They're *wrong.*
It's my job to *save* lives.
My responsibility to hold myself to a *higher* standard.
I'll just have to keep *training, striving* and *improving.*
I don't know if I'll ever become the *hero* I yearn to be.
That doesn't mean I'll *ever* stop trying.
CORONER
POLICE
My name is *May "Mayday" Parker--*
--and I am the daughter of *Spider-Man!*
THE END... FOR NOW!